Baby, I'm Yours (Today and Tomorrow) by BayleyWinchester

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Summary:

You could say that this story started one day in February when the FBI knocked on the Tozier's door in LA. Or you could say that it started in Derry twenty years ago when Henry Bowers had gone missing. Or you could say that it started in Derry thirty years ago when they meet. Or you could say this story started thirty-five years ago, the day that Richie Tozier was born. Richie would argue the latter; saying that they were fated to be together from that day. Eddie would argue the former; saying that this particular story started when the FBI knocked on their door. Asking Eddie where his husband was because they just have a few questions.

Or; Richie's a hitman and Eddie's a ride or die husband.

1. Chapter 1

Eddie Tozier is 35, happily married and living a normal life in LA. He goes for a run and then to work as a risk analyst. In the evenings he sits with his husband and they watch TV shows with dinner. At night they cuddle next to each other in bed. Then he does it all again the next morning.

Sure, it's not the most exciting life in the world, but it's what he likes. Eddie's got Richie and they're happy. They're not much adventure and that's fine by Eddie. Childhood sweethearts who've never been with anyone but each other. Aside from the fact that his husband is a little bit crazy, they have a picture-perfect life. And Eddie likes it like that. Perfectly content to follow the same running route every morning and go to the same office after and the same house every night.

The only blip in their life is that Richie has to go away a lot for work. He works for a music label and scouts new talent across America. He'd gotten the job randomly when they were only twenty-two and never looked back. It pays well - better than Eddie would have guessed but he's not complaining - and when Richie's not away he's at the house, working from his office.

And, yes, maybe they both have nightmares and panic attacks because when they were twelve they and their friends were kidnapped and nearly killed by a man dressed up as a clown. And, yes, both of them got a little bit more fucked up because at fifteen they were brutally attacked by the town bully just for being in love with one another. But it's not like they share those stories with everyone they come across.

They're together and they always will be. That's what matters.

~

It was a February evening, overcast and miserable when it happened. Eddie was alone, Richie in New York with work for the week. Eddie had just gotten home from work, his suit still on when there was a knock at the door. Standing on the other side were two men dressed

in much flashier suits then him who held up badges when Eddie peeked through the peephole.

“Good evening,” he said after opening the door. He didn’t let them in just yet. “How can I help you?”

“Edward Tozier?” The one on the left asked and Eddie nodded. “I’m Agent Green and this is Agent Marcus. Is your husband home?”

“Richie? No, he’s not here. Why?”

The agents looked at each other for a moment. The one on the right answered; “we need to speak with him. Just a few questions. Do you know when he’ll be back home?”

“Not ‘till Friday. He’s out of state. What’s this about?”

“There was an incident that we believe he was involved in. He’s not answering his phone so we figured we needed to come here and see if was home. Where he is, do you know?” The agent - Agent Marcus - said.

“Of course I know, he’s in New York. What kind of incident? Is he okay?”

“Yes, he’s okay,” Agent Green nodded and then handed Eddie a card with their names and two numbers on it. The FBI logo in the right-hand corner. “We just need to talk to him but it is urgent. Call us if you’re able to get a hold of him.”

Eddie nodded, looking at the card. He’d spoken to Richie not ten minutes ago on his way home from work. But he felt like he shouldn’t say that to them. Something was holding him back. He just needed to talk to Richie and figure out what was happening. Then he could forget about the agents and go back to living his life. Yeah, that sounded good. The agents were looking at him when he looked up. “Will do.”

“Thank you,” Agent Green said before they turned and walked away.

Before they had gotten into their car the door was shut and Eddie was calling Richie. This conversation couldn’t wait. Wouldn’t wait

even if Eddie had to fly to New York himself. Why the fuck was the FBI at his door. The oddness of it all didn't even hit Eddie until they had gone. Richie hadn't told him anything that should warrant the FBI at their door and they told each other everything. Surely this wasn't about the man with a rabbit strapped into a stroller that Richie had told Eddie about the day before he had left for New York.

"Richard Tozier," Eddie snapped the moment the call was answered. Now he was just pissed off. Why the hell was his husband hiding something from him? And what the fuck was he hiding?

"Damn, you're pissed. What's up? Miss me already?"

"No. And if you have any sense you're going to shut up and listen."

"Never had a lot of sense but I'm going to shut up and listen now."

Eddie was pacing the living room as he talked. He could feel the nerves starting to build, anger ebbing and fading to be replaced with anxiety. "Why the fuck did the FBI just knock on our door asking for you? The FBI, Richie! They said they wanted to talk to you about something. What the fuck is going on?"

"That is odd," Richie muttered lamely. Eddie froze. He didn't even sound surprised. "Which agents came?"

"Uh, Green and Marcus. Richie, please tell me what's going on? I'm freaking out."

"Just breath, baby. I'm sorry this is happening. But don't stress, it's all fine," Richie cooed through the phone. As always just hearing Richie's voice started to calm him down. He was good at that; talking softly and smoothly in order to bring down Eddie's racing heart and stop the pounding in his head. He started to breath easier as Richie continued speaking to him, "I know this is confusing but you don't need to worry about a thing. I'll sort it out and we can forget it happened. Promise."

"You're going to explain why they came in the first place. That's what you're going to do."

He hummed in response, "Did you tell them that I was in New York?"

Richie asked and Eddie confirmed that he had. Richie cursed. “I’ll be home by lunch tomorrow, okay? Call into work and tell them that you’re sick and that you won’t be in at all. I know this is weird and probably scary but don’t call them and if they come back, say that I’m still in New York. They can’t know where I am.”

“They’re the FBI, they’re going to know if you get on a fucking plane, Richie!” Eddie snapped and Richie didn’t reply. Then it clicked what he had said. “Oh my god. What the fuck! Why can’t the F-B-fucking-I know where you are? They’re - they’re the good guys! Richie, baby, please tell me what the fuck is going on!”

“I’ll talk to you later on,” Richie said but he sounded distracted and someone else was talking in the background. Eddie felt like he was about to pass out. “I love you, Eds, so much. This isn’t something to stress over, I promise. Go to sleep and we’ll talk tomorrow.”

“Richie, I -”

The phone went silent. Eddie collapsed onto the sofa, phone in hand. What the fuck was happening?

~

Eddie, as it turns out, didn’t go to sleep. Funny enough when you find out your husband is wanted(?) by the FBI and refuses to tell you what’s happening you start to get a little bit paranoid. Just a little bit. Instead, he sat on the sofa, called Richie three more times to which he got no response other than a text that read; go to sleep, Eds, everything’s fine. That text did nothing to calm him down.

There were only two options that Eddie could think of. First, Richie had seen something, been a witness to a crime. Knows something. They just needed to ask a few questions about what kind of car the guy was driving. That’s all. But that didn’t make sense. He couldn’t make sense of it. Richie was hiding something, that was for certain. Because helping the FBI, if they did just want some answers to something that wasn’t Richie’s doing, it wasn’t a bad thing. Hell, if it was the case Richie would probably be telling all of their friends just how important he was because he was helping the F-B-fucking-I. But he wasn’t, he was refusing to explain.

So that left the second option. The one that made a lot more sense but the one that Eddie wanted to forget he even fucking thought. Because Richie was a sweetheart, he brought flowers for Eddie and they cuddled at night and they were in love. Richie wasn't a criminal or some evil man. Maybe some people could fake it, fake the love and pretend to be normal but they'd been together since they were five years old. Richie hadn't changed since then. He wasn't a psychopath.

But the first option didn't make sense. Richie had done something to get him in trouble with the FBI. The agents had been lying, or at least avoiding the whole truth. Richie was lying, maybe even lying their entire life.

And, something that didn't surprise Eddie all that much if he was being honest, was that he was more upset at the prospect of Richie lying. He didn't want to be married to a criminal, it wasn't something he was happy with. But if Richie was lying to him, that was worse. How long had he been lying? Their entire life? A year? Why didn't he tell Eddie?

Just before nine, Eddie called work. He hadn't moved all night. Just sitting and thinking about the situation at hand. He didn't even have any answers. All he knew was that something was wrong and it looked like it was Richie's fault.

At eleven o'clock the front door opened. Eddie jumped up. He knew that only Richie had a key but he was freaked. And who knows, maybe his husband was going to fucking kill him as well. That'd be a surprise for fucking sure. Eddie doubted that though, even though he knew something was wrong, he didn't think that Richie would hurt. Actually, he knew that Riche wouldn't hurt him. He knew it as well as he knew that he loved Richie.

Richie looked really bad. His clothes were dirty and - Eddie almost started crying when he realised what it was - bloody under his open jacket. He looked like he hadn't slept for days, his eyes bloodshot and hair a mess on top of his head. He dropped his bag by the door, eyes not leaving Eddie. The bag made a big bang when it hit the ground. Whatever was in there wasn't clothes, that was for sure.

"Eds-" Richie muttered, not moving any closer. He looked afraid. And

yes, Eddie was pretty sure that his husband was a criminal. Maybe even a bad one. But he still loved him with all his heart. So before Richie could finish speaking, Eddie was in his arms. This was where he felt safest and where he wanted to be. Richie wrapped his arms around Eddie and leaned his cheek on his head. “I’m so sorry, Eddie.”

“What’s going on?” Eddie asked, not breaking the hug.

“A lot. I-shit.”

“Rich?”

They broke apart then, Richie leaning back and giving Eddie a smile that didn’t reach his eyes at all. He moved the two of them to the sofa. “I never wanted you to get dragged into this. I didn’t like lying to you but I wanted you and, that, to be kept apart.”

“It was a one-time thing, was it?”

“No. It wasn’t.”

“How long?”

Richie hummed, stroking his thumb over Eddie’s fingers. “A while. Depends on when what you think started it.”

“What did you do?”

“I will explain everything. Bev’s on her way and -”

“Bev?” Eddie interrupted. “She knows.”

He nodded, “I helped her out once. Anyway, once she gets here we can figure it all out. I will do whatever you want, Eds.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know. If you decide you want to. Divorce or whatever.”

Eddie sighed, “I don’t know what you did but I’m going to go with a soft no on the divorce. If Bev knows then it can’t be too bad.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” Richie winced. Eddie looked down at their

joined hands. Before Richie could continue speaking a car pulled up outside their house causing his eyes to widen. “Oh fuck.”

“What?”

“Fucking Green and Marcus are back. They can’t know that I’m here,” he paused. “They must want to talk to you again.”

“What!”

Richie kissed his forehead. “I’m going to go to our room now. Okay? And the agents are going to knock on the door and they will want to come in to talk to you about me. You can do whatever you think is right. I won’t be mad.”

“Like, turn you in?”

“Yeah, if you want to. I’ll even go peacefully if you want,” he stood up. “Whatever you want, Eds. I love you.”

“I love you too,” Eddie replied. Richie was gone in a second, running down the hall to their bedroom. Not a moment later there was a knock on the door and the agents were calling out to Eddie, asking him to open the door. Up to him. He stood up, walked over and opened the door. “Hello, agents.”

“Sorry to be back so soon, but we need to speak with you,” Agent Green said. “May we come in?”

Eddie nodded, stepping back. “Come on in.”

2. Chapter 2

Richie was usually so loud. Eddie always knew if he was in the house because he would be dropping stuff and laughing at his own jokes. Now the house sounded silent. The agents sat in their living room and both accepted a glass of water when Eddie offered. Once Eddie was back in the room and sitting in the armchair they started their questions. “Have you heard from Richard?”

Now it was Eddie’s time to decide. There were only two options. Really there was only one option. “No. I haven’t.”

Holy shit he just lied to the FBI.

“Alright. Do you know why we’re here?”

“No,” Eddie replied. That wasn’t a lie. He still didn’t know what the fuck was going on. “I’m guessing it’s something about Richie.”

Agent Marcus nodded, “it is. We’ve been tracking someone for the past three years, always one step behind. We believe that it’s Richard. I know this may be shocking to you.”

“It is.”

“Did you ever suspect that Richard could do anything bad?”

“No,” not a lie. “I’ve known Richie since we were babies. He’s the sweetest person I know.”

“Does Richard have a place where you’re not allowed to go?” Agent Green asked, ignoring Eddie’s answer. Eddie shook his head. “A storage room or even maybe a chest under the bed that you can’t look in? Something along those lines. Maybe it’s just a bag in the closet.”

“No, nothing like that. I would have looked if he told me not to,” Eddie replied; very true. Like he would ever actually listen to his husband.

The agents looked at each other. Marcus asked, “are you sure?” Eddie

nodded. “Have you ever been frightened of Richard? Maybe he acts a certain way sometimes?”

“Uh, no. He’s never scared me.”

“But?” Agent Green asked.

“We were bullied when we were kids so he has nightmares about that sometimes. He’s weird those mornings.”

“How often does your husband go away?” Agent Marcus asked as Green wrote something down in the notebook he was holding.

Eddie shrugged, “once or twice a month for about a week.”

“And how much does he get paid.”

“Depends. I don’t know.”

“You don’t know?” Agent Green asked.

“I mean it changes every time. How long he’s gone and if he gets anyone signed. Sometimes he gets bonuses and stuff later on,” Eddie explained. They hummed and looked at him almost pityingly. Eddie’s stomach dropped. His husband didn’t work in the music industry. Did he? Richie didn’t go and find new talent across America. He’d been working as a scout for over ten years. Had he been lying the entire time? And why had he been lying, what the fuck was he doing while he was away? What had he gotten himself into?

Agent Marcus spoke, breaking Eddie out of his internal panic. “Would we be able to call him on your phone?”

“What? Why? Do you not have his number.”

“Your husband isn’t the kind of man who has only one phone. We think he has a number that only you know.”

“He has a work phone,” Eddie muttered. Was he supposed to give them his phone? Richie was in the other room for god's sake. If he answered that they might hear him. But if he said no would they think that he was in on the whole thing? His choice, right? And it

wasn't like Richie had to answer the call. He pulled out his phone.

When he offered the phone to them they shook this heads. "Maybe you should call first so he doesn't hang up," Agent Green said. "And then we can talk to him. If you could put it on speakerphone though, that would be very helpful."

"Alright," Eddie dialled Richie's number. He was expecting it to ring in the other room, but of course, it didn't. Four rings later and he answered. "Richie?"

"Hey, darling, what's up? Oh wait, let me tell you something. I bought you this key chain from New York that says 'my husband went to NYC and all I got was this stupid keychain'. I love it. If you don't want it, I'll take it."

"I, uh, thank you?" Eddie replied, genuinely confused. He couldn't hear his husband in the house. He didn't doubt that the story was false. Richie always brought home weird stuff for Eddie when he went away. "That's not why I called. There are two FBI agents here, they want to talk to you."

Richie laughed. "Why?"

"I don't know."

"Richard Tozier, I'm Agent Green. You're a hard man to get a hold of."

"I only answer the phone for cute guys."

The agents sighed and Green continued. "We really need to talk to you, Richard. We didn't need to bring Edward into all of this. I know you care about him."

"We got married, dumbass, of course, I care about him. Anyway, you decided to bring him into this. I just didn't return your call."

"Don't be rude, Richard," Marcus said. "We're not trying to start anything. Now, why don't you turn yourself in for questioning so that we can leave Eddie be? That sounds much nicer than all of this carry-on. No need for Eddie to be any more involved, don't you agree?"

“Eddie, baby?”

“Yeah?”

“Close your eyes,” Richie instructed him. He did as he was told. Usually, he’d argue with Richie but not today. As soon as he closed his eyes there were two muffled bangs, flashes of light and the two softer thuds. He kept his eyes closed throughout. Not a moment later and two hands were covering his eyes and someone was kissing his temple. Richie. Eddie was pulled to his feet, hands still covering his eyes. He grabbed onto Richie’s arms as he was led out of the room.

When Richie dropped his hands they were in their bedroom. Two suitcases and a duffle bag lay half-packed on their bed. The duffle bag was the one that Richie had brought home with him. There was a stack of cash and a gun in there. Richie was moving around the room, packing while Eddie stood in the doorway. He wasn’t an idiot, he knew what happened to those two agents. Eddie felt sick. “Eds?” Richie questioning tone brought him out of his mind.

“What?”

“I asked you what you want to do.”

“Where are you going?” Eddie asked. Richie kissed his forehead as he breezed past to the drawers. He pulled out the top left one - his one - and then pulled open the bottom to reveal a hidden section. More cash and a bunch of cards. Richie handed one to Eddie, his own face staring up at him on a driver's license proclaiming him to be Edwin Tabor. “What?”

“I was paranoid,” Richie said in explanation. He had stopped moving, standing in front of Eddie and holding his face in his hands. “I’m leaving, and I want you to come with me.”

Eddie sobbed. “What have you done?”

“My job.”

“You’re, what, a hitman?”

“Yes.”

He stared at the card in his hand. Easier than looking at his husband. “If this is some stupid joke, Rich, I can’t deal with that.”

“It’s not. As soon as Bev gets here I’m going. She says she has an idea.”

“You said you’d turn yourself in if I asked.”

“I still would. Are you going to ask that of me?” Richie asked and Eddie shook his head. He could never ask Richie to do that. Richie nodded. “I guessed you weren’t going to. Are you going to come with me? You won’t go to jail if you don’t or anything. I mean, it’s not like you know what’s going on. Plus you’re so cute they won’t want to send you away. Your lawyer could just mention your ass and the jury would be like ‘we can’t convict him!’ and the judge would agree.”

“What are you talking about?”

Richie shrugged, “I don’t know. I never wanted this to happen, I’m panicking. All I know is that I love you.”

“How long?”

“Have I loved you? Since I was five.” Eddie sent him a look. “Twenty-two. Kind of. I’ll explain later.”

“You’ve been lying this entire time.”

“Only about work, nothing else.”

“That makes it so much better.”

Before Richie could reply their front door opened. Richie stepped around Eddie, his hands going to a gun that was pushed into his jeans. Eddie hadn’t even noticed that it was there this entire time. A moment later Beverly came into the room. The fact that she wasn’t freaking out about the two dead FBI agents showed Eddie that she knew. Richie couldn’t be that bad then if Bev was willing to come all the way out from New York for him. As soon as she saw Eddie she pulled him into a hug. He hugged her back just as hard.

“How you feeling, Eddie.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah, I get that. Are you coming with us?”

He looked to Richie who was watching from beside the suitcases. One of them was his, packed and ready to go. Richie and he made eye contact. Eddie didn’t think Richie had looked as frightened as he did at that moment since they were fifteen years old and has just been taken by Bowers. “Yeah,” Eddie nodded watching pure relief appear on Richie’s face. “I am. Death do us part, right?”

“Right.”

“We should go then,” Beverly said, “they’ll get suspicious when the agents don’t report back.”

“Where are we going?”

Richie and Bev looked at each. “We can go to Ben’s place in Nebraska.”

“I thought he sold that?” Eddie asked.

“No, he was going to but we decided to keep it. No one knows about it, it’ll be safe.”

“Okay,” Richie nodded. “We’ll lay low there for a bit. Sounds good.”

He pulled the bags off the bed. Eddie turned to Bev, “so you know about all of this?”

“Yeah, have done for a bit.”

“Right.”

“Stay here,” Richie said before he disappeared with the bags.

Bev sighed when he was gone. She turned to Eddie with a knowing look in her eyes. He looked away. He didn’t want her knowing what he was thinking. Surely there was something wrong with him if he was more concerned that Bev knew his husband was a hitman over the fact that his husband was a hitman. “I know this is a whole lot for

you take in, and all at once as well. But Richie, he never wanted this life. He was a dumb kid who got a good offer and then got stuck. I'll let him explain what happened, but just know, he never wanted to lie you."

"Sure."

"I'm serious, Eddie. He loves you."

"I know," Eddie frowned. "I love him as well. This doesn't change that."

She nodded, "good."

"How long have you known?"

"Remember when I was twenty-five and dated that guy Tom?"

"Before you started dating Ben, yeah. You broke up with him."

"Not quite. Richie was at our house but was in the bathroom. Tom came home, didn't know Richie was right there and started hitting me because it was messy. Richie came out, gun in hand, and asked me if I wanted Tom gone. Tom was screaming and yelling, but Richie was calm and said that no one needed to know what had happened. That he knew what to do to get rid of him. It wasn't the first time Tom had done that, Eddie, so I nodded. Richie told me to go and get us ice cream and by the time I was home the apartment was clean. Like it had never happened."

Eddie felt tears prick in his eyes. "I'm so sorry, Bev. I had no idea."

"I told Richie not to tell anyone and I promised to keep his secret."

"I'm glad he did that."

"So am I," Beverly replied. There was a crash from their living room and then the sound of glass shattering. Eddie looked over in alarm but Beverly looked calm. "He's destroying your living room so it looks like there was a struggle."

Richie came back into the room after that, bags gone and a bit of

blood on his hand. “Bev, you can go. Mind the glass and dead bodies.”

“Roger that,” she mocked saluted. “See you two in the car.”

“We’re going to walk into the living room now, and then. Fuck. I’m going to cut your arm so that your blood is in the living room.”

“What!”

“So that it looks like you got injured. Only a little cut.”

Eddie could tell that he was pale as all hell right now. “Make sure the knife is clean. Please.”

“Of course, my love.”

“This is insane.”

At least Richie looked upset at the whole thing. “I know, my love, I know. If you don’t want to see the bodies I can lead you again.” Eddie nodded at that. Seeing two dead bodies wasn’t what he wanted right now. They walked over to the door before Richie covered Eddie’s eyes again, Eddie holding on to his arms like before as well. Richie was calm the entire time, usually, he’s purposely run Eddie into a wall or something like that. But not now. He hadn’t even made a joke.

Once they were in the living room they stopped. Eddie could smell the blood. He tried not to sob. Richie’s hands left his eyes but his eyes stayed firmly closed. A moment later and something cool was being pressed to his arm. Richie kissed him as he did it, distracting him from the cut. It was painful and it was even worse with Richie moved his arm to let more blood out.

“So brave,” he muttered as he did it. Eddie didn’t feel brave. He felt sick.

“Richie?” Eddie muttered once a cloth had been pressed to his arm. Richie hummed softly in reply. “I think I’m going to pass out.”

“Oh? Eds!”

Notes for the Chapter:

Do let me know if you like this 'cause I'm not 100% sure if I'm going to continue or not yet? I've got another chapter written already so like, tell me if you want it.

Author's Note:

Let me know what you think <3